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# WINTER ISSUE 1976-77

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## PRODUCTION:

Vocational  
Offset  
Processes  
in  
Drumheller  
Institution

SLAMMER MAGAZINE, a publication presented by the inmates of Drumheller Institution, is dedicated to the proposition that the voice of the 'prisoner' should be heard. The contents herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Inmate Committee nor administration. Second Mail Postage Paid at Drumheller, Alta.

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With the publishing of this issue will also come a change over in the editorship. Cec Burnett, who has done a good job getting the paper going again, is to be released on mandatory.

The Slammer should be an informative magazine, with a view to keeping the inmate current on the latest activities within the prison system. Physical isolation should not also induce ignorance of the factors controlling activities during this confinement.

The Slammer should also be the medium by which the inmates express their opinions and ideas. It is hoped that in the future the Slammer will also serve the function of allowing the administration a rebuttal on the issues raised by the inmates.

The Slammer is the inmates' only method of contact with the public on a broad scale. We should make the best

possible use of this medium to express our ideas. Due to the anonymity offered by the paper, inmates should not let the fear of recriminations from the administrations stop them from expressing their thoughts.

If we stop being concerned about the problems that face us we can be sure that the level of interest by the staff will also turn more apathetic.

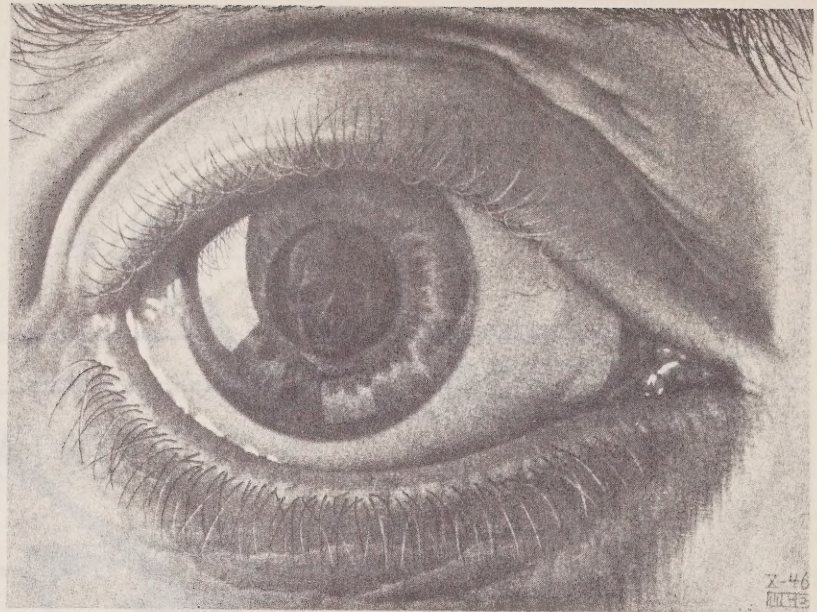
These ideas are quite idealistic and have no doubt been tried before. I have not been incarcerated very long so I'm not sure my perspective of the prison situation is very informed. That's why I need input from outer inmates to make this paper a success - to make it function as the inmates want it to.

Any body wishing to contact me with ideas or articles can find me at the school or at my house 10-C13.



# ROYAL OAKS

by lyly lynx



Shining knights in armour so bold and extravagant as to suggest gold; fool's gold that is. The jesters hat three folded away into saffron, cheurtreus, and a delightful bottle green. Feathered trees of jolly England, with the haunting of the whispering castles. Gigantic vultures ripping apart a blind man's breast to reveal marshmallow browns; drips of crystalline dew on acrid bound leaves.

Oh mighty Ammon, trident of Neptune, god and goddess of power and sea. Give me the power of round rasping saffron light waves to cool iridescent raptures of indigo.

Some say I'm crazy, yet the cerebral cortex perpetually articulates fragments of imagination to sense a piece of life, then once too often to be laid down into the cool damp roots of yester-years. The house of the loon draws me forth piping melancholy waves across the forested terrains, and milling with the escenses of lavenders as the Black-eyed Susan's tower forth for all who should see. Bignonia's thread bottle green vines round and round to splendor the misty breathe within. A licentious women shouts hot ruby-red lipstick in the livid corners of the misty jungle whilst her reflection ponders the frowning clouds.

The resonating sable-toned crow which flies by day and peers at night, what does it see in those eyes? I fear that's not love in your eyes! Bitter sweet memories show reflections of the glass ponds where civilization refuses to acknowledge turquoise wonders not far below.

We reach for round stars, square moons, yielding claret flowers oozing forth poisonous fruits which only need a pluck or two. Hear the sounds rebound upon hushed meadows; yes truly the woodlot breathes forth hidden sounds, but as yet our senses are far from together. Incarnadine skys scream aquiline screams as the flurrying typhoons fly open your door revealing sounds of the ivory albatross moaning out to the stormy petrel's turbulent seas. Rippling waves are towering high with a spray that runs from the frosted moon that glides itself upon ever a shore.

Once again I shall reach forth laden with ginger breathe onto foul tongues, and hope that sand filters through your hands parking itself onto the ocean floor. Most certainly the lifeline. Asteroids waving arms feel their way in a dream world made real and the chants of the songs of joy can be heard on the mountain beneath the seas.

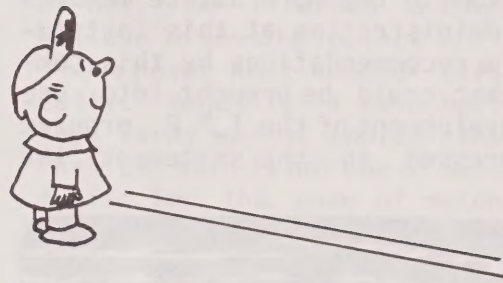
A bottle of the best! I toast you one and all; one time, as I'll surely fall into whirlpools of insane.



time to grow

UP

There has been a certain amount of enthusiasm generated amongst the staff in past few months over the tentative revisions of the I.P.P. program. The I.P.P. (Individual Program Planning) concept was developed in California under the title M.A.P. The basic idea of the concept is that the inmate becomes part of a team consisting of those staff members with whom the individual interacts (e.g. L.U., C.O., and so on.) Together they are responsible for scheduling activities that will help the inmate benefit from his incarceration. The revisions, which might be implemented within six months, will see the program as optional, but involvement in the program could affect the length of the inmates incarceration.



This type of reform can only be regarded as one 'which will result in strengthening the prison bureaucracy, designed to perpetuate and reinforce the system.' The closer involvement of the inmates with the staff will no doubt encourage the hiring of 'more and better qualified' staff. The professed 'new' accountability of the staff for their work, flaunted as one of the attributes of the revisions, will also require more administrative duties.

We should concern ourselves with the conclusions derived in the U. S. from close observation of programs such as

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this; after all, they have been instituted there considerably longer than in Canada and were the models for the Canadian programs. At the annual Chief Justice Earl Warren Conference, in 1972, 'the conferees clearly felt the time for minor, piecemeal 'reforms' is long past. Rather the report challenges the fundamental value of today's prisons as an institution. In effect as we read the findings and as we heard them formulated, their plain spoken direction is toward the elimination of prisons...'

This observation has no doubt been made by some of the more astute members of the administration at this institution. The recommendations by this committee that could be brought into use in the development of the I.P.P. program are expressed in the statement 'the

state has a duty to provide economic, social, educational, and medical services in prisons, as well as in the communities, but...their acceptance by prisoners should be voluntary...they should have no bearing whatsoever on the length of a prisoner's incarceration.'

Not heeding the advice of someone more knowledgeable through experience does not only seem to be a fault of those incarcerated but also of prison administrators. With the I.P.P. program and the current prison construction schedules as evidence, it is obvious that Canadian prison officials have not learned anything but the mistakes from their American counterparts.

The prison system would seem to be another area where Canadians, lacking the initiative and the ingenuity, have found it easier to imitate the U.S.; following them hell-bent down the road to destruction. With all the problems Americans are experiencing within their prison system it is hard to sanction the duplication of that system in Canada. The sequence of: prison disturbances - suppression of insurgents - media demands for investigation - royal commissions - and finally the return to the previous prison norms, can not be used to bluff the public for much longer.

When will Canadian Government grow up and quit imitating Big Brother across the border?

'If any person is addressing himself to the perusal of this dreadful subject in the spirit of a philanthropist bent on reforming a necessary and beneficent public institution, I beg him to put it down and go about some other businesses. It is such reformers who have in the past made the neglect, oppression, corruption and physical torture of the old common gaol the pretext for transforming it into the diabolical den of torment, mischief and damnation, the modern model prison.'

George Bernard Shaw  
'The Crime of Imprisonment'  
-WYI/1176

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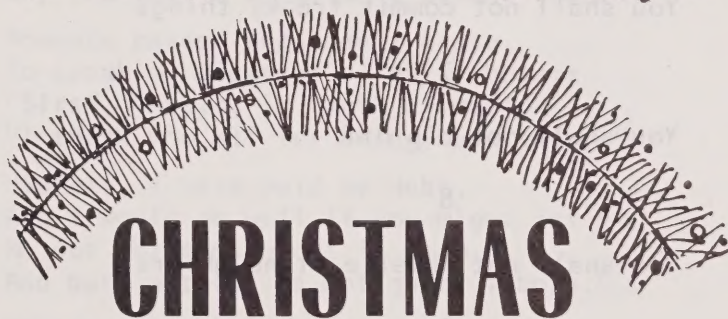
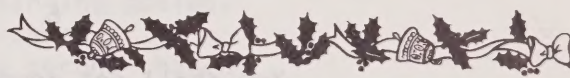
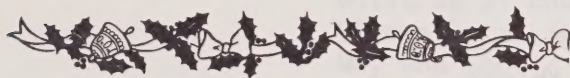
## THOUGHTS OF A MAN

by paul cardinal

Look beyond the walls, the bars, no man, woman or child is less than what he feels inside. You can take a man, place him in chains, but you can never take away his freedom of mind. You can lift your eyes to the steel and concrete but the spirit lifts itself beyond these, and you can see the gentle flowing hills, you can see life and feel extremes of love, hate and pain. They run the same course but the spirit of life has its own way. Yes, you can take a man's freedom of body but his other resources have a strength beyond all physical punishment. I've shed many tears, but then so have I laughed a lot. I get upset, but I find comfort in the thoughts

of others who lead a different life than me. I wonder whether they are right and I am wrong but these thoughts lead to confusion. I am a simple man who does what he knows best.

Every day, each child must make a decision which will utterly confuse him or her. Am I wrong because I don't believe in the old society and its morals? I have never hurt another person physically. Mentally I have hurt many and this is my way of apologizing to them. Physical pain is not one of my weaknesses, I live for the game of matching wits. My intelligence against thousands. do it every day because I am myself.



by hermann hesse

Christmas is an epitome, a poison chamber of all bourgeois sentimentalities and hypocrisies, an occasion for wild orgies on the part of industry and commerce, for garish luxury displays in the department stores; it smells of lacquered tin, of pine needles and phonographs, of exhausted, and secretly cursing delivery boys and postmen, of

embarrassed festivities centering on decorated fir trees, of special supplements bursting with advertisements, in short, of a thousand things that are bitterly hateful and repugnant to me, things that would only make me laugh or leave me indifferent if they did not so blatantly abuse the name of the Savior and our tenderest childhood memories.



# THE ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1

Your C.O. is your savior,  
you shall not have other saviors besides him

2

You shall not take the name of the  
prison, your home in vain

3

Remember to keep holy the  
parole application

4

Humour your L.U. Officer and your Instructor

5

You shall not rat

6

You shall not commit freaky things

7

You shall not rip off

8

You shall not whistle at neighbors

9

You shall not cut your neighbors grass

10

You shall not play with matches, in other cells,  
when they are not home

11

(In case of violation of others)  
You shall not get caught



# PAROLE CONVERSATION

by brian labrash

The majestic men stood high on heel;  
While showing a deepest sense of thought.  
Each wearing gruesome looks of steel;  
And their minds were overwrought.

'Gut-feelings' were their only tools,  
And in my file, a police report.  
They; with conscience apart from fools: -  
I; like a soldier in King Arthur's Court.

I entered with a nervous twitch,  
And the tension showed in my frown.  
They gave me a chair on which to sit,  
While my throat made the weirdest sounds.

"Look at you!!" .... said society  
(It was near, almost a scream)

"You've failed out there repeatedly;  
While enjoying the criminal scene".

"You've weilded guns and disrupted calm;  
While we at church were singing psalms.

"Prove to us in a common sense,  
Why you should be given a second chance"

Moments passed and then I arose,  
To speak my views of slight impose:-

"Sirs", I said, in truth dismay;

"I thank you all for being here today."

"Surely, I have paid my debt,  
And I would do well if you might let -  
Me out while my heart is warm,  
And hate within, is not quite inborn."

"You need not go to any great extreme,  
For it's not as difficult as it may seem."

"Surely you now can begin to see,  
This man before you is a difficult me."

They were not men of hurried words,  
And what I had said seemed to absurd.

They paused and said in gripping tones,  
"What you did, we can not ever condone."

"We are told you are the lawyer type,  
And you've refused our help with aim and might."

"For you there is no reformation,  
Just criminal acts and condemnation."



Continued (Parole Conversation)

Startled at this to say the least;  
I struggled to keep my mind at peace.  
The blood within me now advanced,  
And my heart began a nervous dance.

"My prison record must clearly show,  
That I have changed, and justly so.  
"Is there no faith within your codes?"  
"Drop your pride!!"...."Damn your souls!!"

The revengeful group had me down;  
To whom the blame shall I crown?  
Within anyone of human kind,  
Character wrongs you will find.

A grey haired man of age and bent,  
Shrieked, "deceit! deceit! is your sole intent!"  
"In the past you could not cope,  
For you were heading for the hangman's rope."

"Your criminal mind is far fetched!"  
"Your hateful mind, completely wretched!"  
"Temper tantrums are for the weak,  
Please realize that your obsolete!"

In knowing that they had said enough;  
And intentionally sounded extremely rough.  
The group awaited for my replies;  
To tell them that they spoke of lies.

I am not a man with words of great;  
And I could not explain against my fate.  
My impulse was to strike a blow;  
And the hell with them and their parole.

I stared at one and each in turn;  
They looked away, not the least concerned.  
Alas, I said in a defeatist tone,  
"Perhaps, this mean I'll not get home."

"I have found no one to lend me a hand,  
With your refusal to help a young man."  
"How does one prove he wants to go straight,  
If not first given opportunity at the front gate?"

I turned about and to leave them there;  
As they hadn't answered, or didn't dare.  
I had only embitterment upon my mind,  
For all of society, the call man-kind.

# TIME PASSES SLOWLY FOR MURDER ACCUSED



by Roger Simon  
(Chicago Sun Times)

CHICAGO - Jim Hudgens was sitting in a cell in Cook County Jail waiting to be sentenced for murder when the letter reached him. The letter was from the chief witness against him at his trial. It said that a mistake had been made, the witness was wrong and Hudgens was not the killer. It said:

Dear James,

I realize that nothing I could say or do could ever begin to make up for the hell you've been through, but please believe when I say I am TERRIBLY SORRY and am TERRIBLY ASHAMED that I could make such a serious mistake!

Someday I hope to meet you and to have a chance to tell you to your face how very, very sorry I am to have had any part in making you suffer.

Ginger James

Jim Hudgens took the letter to his jailer who took it to the lawyer who took it to the judge, and within hours the jail doors flew open and Hudgens was a free man, right?

What actually happened is this: NOTHING HAPPENED! As you read this, Jim Hudgens is still sitting in a cell in Cook County Jail. No doors flew open, nothing changed.

Two more witnesses who had testified against Hudgens at his trial also have reversed their stories. And still Hudgens sits there. Three months have gone by because Hudgens cannot get his day in court.

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The judge is too busy and the lawyers are too busy and the courtroom is too busy and everybody is too busy to hear Jim Hudgens' case. Everybody except Jim Hudgens. He has plenty of time.

But at least Hudgens has something to do with his time. Like staying alive. During the three months that Hudgens has been waiting for a hearing to grant him a new trial, he was so badly beaten up in County Jail that he had to be put in the hospital for a week for treatment of a smashed face and broken nose.

And there was one other thing for him to think about. While Hudgens was waiting for his hearing, his father died. Hudgens knew that he probably would not be allowed to attend the funeral, so he asked one thing. Could he please go and take a last look at his father's body with a guard along with him? He was told no.

While Hudgens was on trial for murder he was out on bail, which is unusual in a murder case. It means the judge was sufficiently satisfied with Hudgens' character to let him walk the streets for the three years it took to get his case settled.

Now, with three key witnesses against him changing their story and saying that Hudgens was not the man who committed the murder. Hudgens asked for bail so he could wait for a new trial outside the jail. He was told no.

The Hudgens case revolves around a shooting that took place in September 1973. A man named Benny Giuntoli was killed in the washroom of a Cicero bar. Three persons testified that they saw Jim Hudgens run out of the washroom. Hudgens' girlfriend, Shirley Rice, testified Hudgens was with her that night. The jury believed the three witnesses.

Throughout the trial, Shirley Rice insisted that the man who actually did

the shooting was a man who looked something like Jim Hudgens, a man whose identity she knew.

After trial, she emptied her bank account and borrowed \$2,000 from family and friends to begin her own detective hunt. She flew all over the country. From the Nashville (Tenn.) Police Department she obtained the picture of the man she says did the killing.

Then she flew to find the three witnesses who had testified against Jim Hudgens. She showed the picture to each of them. Each of them--in the presence of a lawyer--swore out an affidavit that Jim Hudgens was not the man who ran from the bar that night.

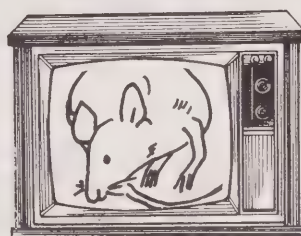
"I thought that would do it," Miss Rice said. She had a lot to learn. This is a record she kept of what happened next:

July 20 - Went to court with new evidence. Case continued until August 12.  
August 12 - With \$266 of her own money, Miss Rice flew the key witness, Ginger James, into Chicago from Las Vegas, Nevada to testify. They showed up in court and were told the judge was on vacation. Case continued until August 30.  
August 30 - Judge was holding a different trial, no time for Hudgens. Case continued until September 3.  
September 3 - A day of testimony was held and the case was continued until September 30.  
September 30 - Case continued.  
October 8 - Case continued.  
October 12 - Case continued.  
October 13 - Case continued after some testimony until the end of October.

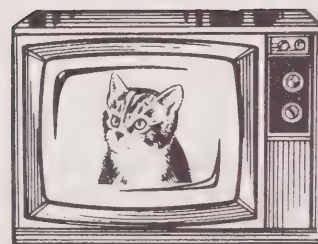
To be fair, the judge in this case has not been out playing golf or snoozing. He has been working on other cases and once took a previously scheduled vacation. And the lawyers are busy, too. They are all very sorry and they say they will finish this case as soon as they can.



# Tit for Tat



FOR



Listen to this story. I don't know what it proves, but it will provoke you to do a little bit of thinking anyway ...so read on, fellow.

This is the story of Mary Jones, a girl with an inquiring mind.

"Mary, a Welsh farmer's daughter, listened during the 1937 'Rat Week' to a broadcast on the subject. The lecturer stated that there were 45,000,000 rats in Great Britain and that it was the duty of everybody to reduce the numbers, etc., etc.

"At the end of the lesson Mary approached her teacher and said, 'How does he know there are 45,000,000 rats? My father doesn't know how many rats there are on the farm and I expect other farmers are no better off.' The teacher's reply was that it was a point very well taken. She didn't know the answer but she would get in touch with the B.B.C. In due course the B.B.C. replied that

they did not know the answer, but they were getting in touch with the lectures. A little later they sent the lecturer's reply: - He did not know but he was getting in touch with the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries did not know but they were getting in touch with the Natural History Museum. A little later still came a statement from the Museum to say that they did not know but they had written the International Board of Agricultural Statistics in Geneva.

"Some weeks later the reply reached the teacher's hand and here it is: 'By international agreement it has been decided that, for statistical purposes, the number of rats in any country shall equal the population of that country'."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This would tell a tale about the rate of recidivism, rate of crime, rate of popularity of political parties, rates of opinions, and soon!



## PRISON VIOLENCE

by Alan Dunn,  
Dorchester, N.B.

I cannot remain silent after listening to prison guards from B.C. and Quebec whine, snivel, and stamp their feet because they were not officially allowed to smash heads after the last two major riots.

One remark that especially made me angry came from a union head: "Guards are being injured everyday, and their lives are in extreme danger."

When was the last time a guard was injured? Quite some time ago. As to them being in danger, with the behavior I've seen on their part within the last three-and-a-half years in maximum security it's a wonder there aren't more and more serious attacks on prison employees.

All this publicity is a smokescreen to give them more power and strengthen their contract bargaining.

Beatings which usually include the squeezing of testicles, bursting of ear drums, and plenty of kidney-punches are still common in maximum security pens in this country, not to mention medical neglect, and very severe mental torture.

It's apparent that many people believe, and incredibly so, that taking

away our freedom and female companionship for years on end isn't punishment enough. Find out what it's like to spend a few days in jail, then magnify that by 5,000 and you'll begin to focus on what maximum security is like.

As far as the rumor goes about these riots being a criminal conspiracy of American radicals and militant Indian groups; nice try. Convicts are just getting fed up with viciously long sentences, fewer chances for parole, and Nazi-type treatment by guards.

These three points I've just mentioned will continue to be the main reason for further outbreaks of violence and destruction in future. Of this, there is no doubt ... If these prisons are as good as the guards would have you believe, why are hundreds of guys risking life and limb to tear and burn them down? I've given you three good reasons.

As to the demand by the guards to not honor the agreement made at the end of the B. C. riot, it reminds me of something once said by the Communist leader, Lenin: "Promises are like pie crusts, they are made to be broken."

## WRITING

By brian labrash

Have you ever asked where words begin,  
While turning the pages of origin?  
Reflections of love and violent hate;  
From where do these words originate?

Review our books of knowledge skills,  
While achieving thoughts at our will.  
Mr. Webster did in fact succeed,  
In 'meaning' the words of our daily needs.

Where might we be if not for this?  
In choosing words of wisdom bliss;  
Select your choice and trace the line,  
To allow its use in truth sublime.

Communication in this world of ours,  
Associates words of endless scars.  
Can you imagine if we should speak: -  
"Repeat again! ...Repeat....Repeat!"

To command our language is a must,  
Or to write it fluent is only just.  
Some choose to write: - (I stand amazed)  
Shameful - In this progressive age

One should never write without the assist,  
Of various books, and shall insist,  
Not ever to use the same word twice;  
For the English language is not to be viced.

Express your views in solemn truth,  
No need to write of words uncouth,  
For lack of character this reveals,  
And proves negative thoughts of life unreal.

Explain your thoughts without a doubt;  
But not beyond the echoes of souse.  
Always alert with your reader in mind;  
Picturesque; As though for the blind.

Courtesy, is the likeable quest,  
Enable a cause for this the test.  
Write only of the way it was,  
With importance as the peak of cause.

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Continue from LAST PAGE

Review the works of Garfield and Kent;  
Grasp the talent and follow the scent.  
Enjoyable to the peace of mind;  
Intelligent to the readable kind.

Though at times the critics may scorn;  
Adjust yourself to be forewarned.  
Collective thoughts and modesty,  
Are certainly the most successful keys.

A writer controls the shadows of print;  
And employs no words of impediment.  
He knows where all words have begun,  
And prints them into oblivion.

### realizations

by bob ryan

i use to dream  
about things so fine  
about the sky's that gleam  
the clouds were mine

people how they change  
as time passes by  
i try to rearrange  
and ask myself why

i have the power to love  
i too can hate  
what plans the lord above  
what is my fate

to live a dream  
the skies to sail  
or is it what it seems  
to live a life in jail

i want to be free  
to see tomorrow  
to just be me  
happy not in sorrow

then i realize  
hey man  
it's up to me!



Prison Arts  
Foundation



#### PRISON ARTS '76 EXHIBITION

Ninety-eight pieces of inmate art and crafts compose the 7th annual Prison Arts touring exhibition.

The works have been chosen from approximately four hundred entries submitted by men and women serving time in adult correctional institutions across Canada. The Prison Arts Foundation, a federally-chartered charitable organization, encourages creative activity in institutions by organizing a nation-wide competition each year, then mounting selected works for the touring exhibition. Several new artists are featured in the 1976 show, as are the developing talents of former exhibitors.

Another Prison Arts project is available through the Foundation - WORDS FROM INSIDE. Creative compositions from the 1976 Prison Arts inmate writing competitions are selected for this bilingual anthology of poetry and fiction. The book is now in its fifth year of publication.

Because the Prison Arts 1975 international display toured Canada until late spring this year, the 1976 exhibition covered only a small portion of the country - major cities and correctional

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institutions in Ontario and Quebec. It is anticipated that the 1977 display will resume the practice of presenting the art nation-wide.

The purpose of the exhibition is two-fold. First, the therapeutic value of creative activity is stressed. Marnie Knechtel, executive director of the Foundation, outlined this goal: "The project is a vehicle for inmates to help themselves. It gives them the achievement and the recognition that allows them, often for the first time, to look ahead and to develop self-respect, which leads to respect for other people." The recognition inmates receive through their participation in the show often has a very positive influence on their attitudes.

The second goal is to reach the viewer. "The influence the exhibition has in the community helps people to examine their own attitudes towards inmates, the Canadian system of incarceration, and the penal system in general. What happens when people look at the work is that they begin to look at inmates as individuals, apart from the context of offenders," Ms. Knechtel explained.

#### PRISON ARTS '76 TOUR ITINERARY

The 1976 Prison Arts Foundation touring exhibition of inmate artworks opened June 20th at York University in Toronto as a feature of the North American Conference on Volunteers in Corrections. With displays in painting, sculpture, and crafts, the exhibition continued on its summer schedule to selected cities and correctional institutions in Ontario and Quebec.

"It is because the 1975 international exhibition toured until early summer 1976 that this year's display visits such a small area," Ms. Marnie Knechtel, explained. In 1977 the Foundation hopes to resume its practice of a truly national exhibition by sending the art-

works cross-country.

The Prison Arts '76 exhibition tour included Ottawa City Hall (July 12-16), Montreal's Alexis Nihon Plaxa (July 19-24) and the Quebec City area (August 2-7) before the final showing in Toronto early in September.

#### INMATES WIN AWARDS IN PRISON ARTS COMPETITION

Almost \$5,000.00 in scholarships and awards contributed by Canadian corporations and citizen organizations has been distributed to forty-four inmates of correctional institutions for excellence in art, writing, music and crafts submitted to the seventh annual competition of the Prison Arts Foundation.

Included are two \$1,000.00 scholarships provided by Chubb Industries Ltd. and the Audrey S. Hellyer Charitable Foundation, for the purpose of further education to be commenced after release from prison. All awards are given to help incarcerated men and women further develop their talents and abilities.

The judges, all professionals in the fields of art, literature, music and crafts, were: Harold Town, David Silcox, Andreas Schroeder, Gerald Lampert, Anton Wagner and Lou Applebaum.

The following people were selected as winners:

#### ART

CHUBB INDUSTRIES LIMITED \$ 1,000.00  
SCHOLARSHIP: Sam Sharif, Leclerc Institution, collection of oil paintings.

WARNER-LAMBERT CANADA LIMITED CANADA:  
Ray Carson, William Head Institution,  
"Sometimes You Need a Crank to Start  
a Dead Engine".

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY SERVICE AWARDS  
for PAINTING: Jean Guy Lambert, Federal  
Training Centre, "L'Enfer"; and Lorne  
Roberts, Warkworth Institution, "Room  
With a View".

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY SERVICE AWARD for

*Continue NEXT PAGE*

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SCULPTURE: Pat Murphy, Camp Dufferin  
"Western Stagecoach".

THE HALLMARK CARDS AWARDS: First Prize,  
Lorne Roberts, Warkworth Institution,  
"Room With a View"; Second Prize, Ro-  
land LeBlanc, William Head Institution,  
"Breaking Through"; and Third Prize,  
Joseph Abou-Najm, Archambault Insti-  
tution, "Twenty Million Light Years  
From Home".

ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF CANADA AWARDS:  
Gary Whitley, Matsqui Institution,  
"Lone Sentinel"; Cecile Lochhead,  
Vanier Centre, "How Do You Mend a  
Broken Heart"; Roland LeBlanc, William  
Head Institution, "Rocks, William #6";  
and Jim McGrath, Joyceville Institution,  
"Pollution".

MAX FACTOR (CANADA) LIMITED AWARD: Michel  
Pellus, Leclerc Institution, "Witch-  
full Thinking".

ROBERT TURNER FUND AWARDS: Ivan Horvat,  
British Columbia Penitentiary, "Walls",  
and Alfred Bernard, Collins Bay Insti-  
tution, "The Lifer".

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AND NORTHERN AFFAIRS  
AWARDS: Lucille, Niagara Detention Centre,  
"Indian Girl"; and John Cook, House of  
Concord, "End of the Line #2".

#### CRAFTS

WARNER-LAMBERT CANADA LIMITED AWARD:  
Mary Culley, Maison Tanguay, "The Lost  
Season".

TANDY LEATHER COMPANY AWARD: Jim Meeker,  
Regional Reception Centre, Kingston,  
"Leather Gun Case".

SOPHIE BOYD MEMORIAL FUND AWARDS: Ray-  
mond Tardif, Leclerc Institution, a  
collection of Copper Work; and Marcella  
Levie, Prison for Women, "Embroidered  
Bracelets".

ONTARIO MINISTRY OF CORRECTIONAL SERVICES  
AWARD: Robert Sterling, Glendale Adult  
Training Centre, "Serenity".

TRANSAIR LIMITED AWARDS: John Lawson,

now released, "No Title"; and Lillian  
Strong, now released, "Indian Beaded  
Purse".

ELIZABETH FRY SOCIETY OF CANADA AWARDS:  
Marcel Cote, Leclerc Institution,  
"Bust of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau";  
and Joseph Girouard, Stony Mountain  
Institution, "Man with the Golden  
Helmet".

KIMBERLY-CLARK OF CANADA LIMITED AWARDS:  
Skee, Mountain Prison, "nativity Jewel  
Box"; and -----, Joyceville  
Institution, "Black Walnut Jewellery  
Box".

ROBERT TURNER FUND AWARD: Regina Rauf-  
fman, Vanier Centre, "Taurus".

#### WRITING

AUDREY S. HELLYER CHARITABLE FOUNDATION  
\$1,000.00 SCHOLARSHIP: Walter Orlovich  
Matsqui Institution.

WARNER-LAMBERT CANADA LIMITED AWARD:  
Caro Walters, Prison for Women.

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY SERVICE AWARD:  
Bishop Knight, Millhaven Institution.

WESTERN PRODUCER AWARDS: Paul Leister,  
Saskatchewan Penitentiary; William  
Mackey, Matsqui Institution; David  
Dunham, Calgary Correctional Centre;  
C. Jade Beasley, Worksworth Institution;  
John Corran, St. Edward's House- Mont-  
real; James Edwards, Collins Bay Insti-  
tution; Edmund Watts, Joyceville Insti-  
tution; Ron Emkeit, Bowden Institution;  
and Thomas H.E. Jacks, Matsqui Insti-  
tution.

XEROX OF CANADA LIMITED AWARDS: John  
Cook, House of Concord; and Ronald  
Cooper, Guelph Correctional Centre.

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF CANADA AWARD:  
Daniel Lamoureux, Cowansville Insti-  
tution.

#### MUSIC

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF CANADA AWARDS:  
Charles, Saskatchewan Penitentiary;  
Frank Pye, Dorchester Penitentiary;  
and Paul Hawbolt & Gordon Richardson,  
Matsqui Institution.



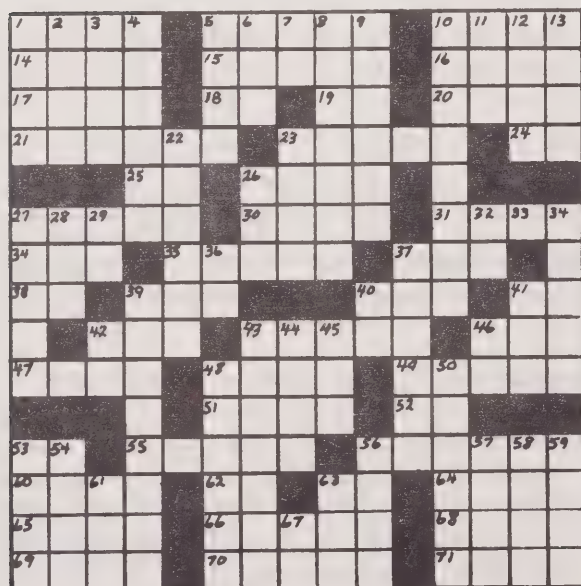
# »CROSSWORD«

by cecil burnett

1. sticking band
5. striped cat
10. flesh used as food
14. above
15. fragrance
16. wings
17. a great amount
18. atomic symbol
19. Bachelor of Theology (abbr.)
20. identical
21. doing wrong
23. seethes
24. prepaid
25. negative reply
26. indifferently
27. cut in two
30. noun suffix
31. not close
34. beverage
35. submerge
37. opposite of con
38. masculine appellation
39. average
40. skill
41. West Serbian (abbr.)
42. remunerate
43. barter
46. tiny
47. famous British school
48. a noble
49. braid
51. feminine appellation
53. suffix, meaning tens
55. apportion

56. me
60. chessman
62. indefinite article
63. pa's mate
64. thought
65. different
66. tree
68. sport group
69. increases
70. revises
71. see No. 51 Across

1. ripped
2. declare
3. fruit
4. stoat
5. strong odor
6. masculine appellation
7. depart
8. embrace
9. fixed portion
10. document to travel with
11. Oshawa Legion's Association (abbr.)
12. sloping road to another level
13. maintain
22. Norse country
23. seethe
26. a holy female person (abbr.)
27. money for gambling
28. electric fish
29. eastern U.S. state (abbr.)
32. Italian river
33. nostrils
36. length of time (abbr.)
37. attractive
38. griddlecakes
40. public notice
41. masculine appellation
42. Italian river
43. made a tenor on
44. lease
45. exist
46. plural of I
48. king's home
50. feminine appellation
53. wooden plant
54. a part of egg
56. Earth's neighbor
57. paradise
58. thin
59. reputation
61. suffix, meaning full of
63. rug
67. atomic symbol



SOLUTION

ON

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# Who Owns the ZEBRA?

(condensed from Life International)

On a city street, stranger accosts stranger with a mimeographed sheet of paper and the question "Have you seen this?" In university dormitories, the problem is tacked to doors. In suburban households, the ring of the telephone is likely to herald a voice that asks, "Is it the Norwegian?" The cause of the excitement is the brain-teaser below. (The facts essential to solving the problem-which can indeed be solved by combining deduction, analysis and sheer persistence-are as follows:)

1. There are five houses, each of a different color and inhabited by men of different nationalities, with different pets, drinks and cigarettes.

2. The Englishman lives in the red house.

3. The Spaniard owns the dog.

4. Coffee is drunk in the green house.

5. The Ukrainian drinks tea.

6. The green house is immediately to the right (your right) of the ivory house.

7. The Old Gold smoker owns snails.

8. Kools are smoked in the yellow house.

9. Milk is drunk in the middle house.

10. The Norwegian lives in the first house on the left.

11. The man who smokes Chesterfield lives in the house next to the man with the fox.

12. Kools are smoked in the house next to the house where the horse is kept.

13. The Lucky Strike smoker drinks orange juice.

14. The Japanese smokes Parliaments.

15. The Norwegian lives next to the blue house.

Now, who drinks water? And who owns the zebra?



## WHAT THE HELL

By roger thorbergson

Just a few words on something that goes against my grain. Why can't we write to fellow inmates in other institutions? What possible harm is there in writing a letter to a fellow human being? What's wrong with finding out how a friend is doing? Maybe they are worried we might seal our letters with a kiss.

Is it because they don't want us to communicate with other inmates? If communicating with other inmates is the issue, maybe they should build 9,000

separate jails with a population count of one. If they don't want us communicating then why do they mix "first" timers with the rest of us? If its communication they are worried about they are hypocrites.

I think inmates should be able to write each other. An inmate can write another as soon as he is out. What's the difference. I am sure that there are a lot of cons that would like to hear from a buddy they haven't seen for awhile. What the hell.

## REFLECTIONS

by gore vidal

Some bad things do change for the better. A liberalization of American sexual mores has recognized that under our Constitution and Bill of Rights private morals are not the laws affair. On the other hand, some things grow worse. For instance, the North American attitude toward drugs is absurd. There is no doubt in my mind that marijuana is less dangerous to the user than alcohol, and should be made available (with due warning as to their effect),

and those who want to kill themselves should be allowed to do so; the rest will soon get the point and not take them. There cannot be too many secret iodine drinkers in the land. Of course the question still remains; is it a good thing deliberately to numb and derange the senses? I suspect not. But since most lives are bitterly boring, men crave the anodyne, and it is no business of the State to deny anyone his dreams or even death.

# ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF CANADA

## A DESCRIPTION OF

### — MEMBER RESIDENCES

### — MEMBER PROGRAMMES

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

HEADQUARTERS: 1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Ontario

OBJECTIVES:

- 1.) To assist in the development of Community Residential Centres;
- 2.) To study legislation and engage in penal-correctional reform;
- 3.) To be a liaison with government bodies and legal authorities;
- 4.) To establish minimum standards for Member Community Residences;
- 5.) To conduct public education and fundraising on a national basis, including government grants to Member Community Residences; and
- 6.) To incorporate evaluation and research in the overall above programme.

ADMINISTRATION:

|                          |   |                      |
|--------------------------|---|----------------------|
| Executive Director       | - | Reverend T. N. Libby |
| Assistant Director       | - | Louis A. Drouillard  |
| Administrative Secretary | - | Joan M. Legue        |

Their community residential centres across Canada are listed below.

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#### BRAMPTON-BRAMALEA, ONTARIO

ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE (PEEL), P.O. Box 2134, Bramalea, Ontario L6T 3S3. Executive Director: Steven O. Kay.

a) 1105 Queen Street East, Hwy. #7 near Dixie Road near Toronto. Assistant Director: Rick Brown.

Residents: Male; 18 years of age and older; released prisoners; accepted on individual merits. 21-bed group home.

Program: Compulsory group meetings. Room and board of \$25.00 per week when able. Length of stay is individualized.

b) Sir Robert Williams Centre, 16 Ellen Street, Brampton, Ontario. Assistant Director: Edwin Alexander.

Residents: Male; 18 years of age and older; 10-bed Community Center for NPS Day Parolees. Accepted through NPS referrals.

Program: Compulsory individual counselling. JOB search techniques. Room and board of \$25.00 per week when able.

#### BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF BRANT, 135 Elgin Street, P.O. Box 611, Brantford, Ontario N3T 5P9. Executive Director, Peter G. Willis; Assistant Director, Bill Sanderson.

Residents: Male; 18 years of age and over; released prisoners; accepted on individual merits. 15-bed residence.

Program: Individual and group counselling. Room and board of \$21.00 per week when able.

#### HAMILTON, ONTARIO

ASTRA SOCIETY OF HAMILTON, 22-24 Emerald Street South, Hamilton, Ontario L8N 2V2. Executive Director, Henry VonBrachel.

Residents: Male; adults; released prisoners and probationers; accepted on individual merits. 36-bed resi-

dence.

Program: Community Orientation in cooperation with outside agencies. Room and board of \$15.00 per week when able. Length of stay is individualized - average between 2 and 4 months.

#### LONDON, ONTARIO

ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LONDON, P.O. Box 2693, Terminal "A", London, Ontario N6B 3E2. Executive Director, Reverend Roy Dungey; Assistant Director, Ray Gallagher.

a) CRONYN, 430 William Street.

Residents: Male; 16 years of age and older, probationers and released prisoners; accepted on individual merits. 18-bed group home.

Program: Compulsory group discussion meetings. Length of stay is determined on an individual basis.

b) CODY CENTRE, 226 Egerton Street, N5X 2G7.

Residents: Male; full, temporary and day parolees from penitentiaries accepted on individual merits. 12-bed group home.

Program: Employment and counselling services. Length of stay is individualized.

c) LUXTON CENTRE, 567 Queens Avenue, N6B 1Y9. Director, Ed Van Dooren.

Residents: Male; 12 - bed Community Resource Centre for Ontario Temporary Absences.

TURNING POINT INCORPORATED, 225 Wharncliffe Road North, London, Ontario N6H 2B9. Resident Manager, James Pettit.

Residents: Male; alcoholics, accepted on individual merits; 8-bed home.

Program: Temporary support of home-like residence for alcoholic men. Individual and group counselling. Length of stay is individualized.

#### QUEBEC, QUEBEC

LA MAISON PAINCHAUD, 955, rue Riche-

lieu, Quebec, Quebec, G1R 1L4. Directeur; Jean-Marie DesRochers, D.G.

Residents: Hommes; ages de 18 ans et plus; pour les ex-detenus francais; admission si on est sincere avec soi-meme. Un foyer de 18 lits.

Programme: Un foyer co-operatif avec chambre seul pour chaque. Incitation au travail est exiguee. Une charge de logement-et-pension de \$15.00 par semaine. Residence temporaire selon les besoins de chaque individu.

#### TORONTO, ONTARIO

ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE - TORONTO, 63 Bellwoods Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3N4. Executive Director, Roger LaForme; Assistant Director, Jim Rankin.

##### a) BELLWOODS RESIDENCE

Residents: Male; 21 years of age and older; released prisoners and parolees from both federal and provincial institutions; accepted on individual merits of voluntary application; 11-bed home.

Program: Individual and group counselling and employment assistance. Weekly house meeting and voluntary A.A. meeting. Room and board \$3 per day. Length of stay is individualized.

##### b) LEOPOLD RESIDENCE

Residents: "Graduates" from the Bellwoods Residence. 12-bed home.

Program: Co-operative, self-help program.

#### VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

LOWER MAINLAND ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY, P.O. Box 80156, 6025 Sussex Avenue, South Burnaby, B.C. V5H 3X5. Executive Director, Mrs. Isobelle Esau.

a) ROBERTS STREET HOUSE, 6375 Roberts Street, Burnaby, B.C. V5H 3X5. Senior Child Care Worker, Jon Osborne.

Residents: Male; 13-16 years of age; troubled juveniles referred by Cor-

rections, Human Resources, other agencies.

Program: Existential-reality counselling, with use of community resources and programs as appropriate. Length of stay is individualized.

b) WILLINGDON AVENUE HOUSE, 5757 Willingdon Avenue, Burnaby, B.C. V5H 2T3. House Parent; Mrs. Shirley Estergaard.

Residents: Male; 18-25 years of age; probationers and released prisoners; referred by probation officers and social workers. 7-bed home.

Program: Emphasis is on finding work and becoming independent. Room and board of \$120.00 per month. Length of stay is individualized.

#### VIRGINIATOWN, ONTARIO

NEW HORIZONS, VIRGINIATOWN, ONTARIO, POK 1X0. Executive-Director, John Rutter.

Residents: Male; troubled juveniles; 7-bed home.

Program: Group home.

#### WINDSOR, ONTARIO

KONTACT FOR WIVES AND FAMILIES OF OFFENDERS, c/o Suite 3, 1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Ontario, N8W 3 P 2. President, Don Anderson.

Program: Self-help group meetings. Membership fee of \$2.00 per year. Information and referral service. Special Christmas Party for the Children.

NATIVE CULTURAL AND NATIVE WOMEN'S CENTRE, 1696 Cadillac Street, Windsor, Ontario, N8Y 2V5.

Contact Person: Ms. Mary Rose Amaro, 865 Ford Boulevard

Program: For Native men, women, and families. Educational-cultural Centre. Court work. Information and referral service.

NEW BEGINNINGS (ESSEX COUNTY), Suite 9, 1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Ontario N8W 3P2. Executive Director, Marty Tourigny.

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a) 485 CHURCH STREET, Windsor, Ontario N9A 4T1.

Residents: Male; 14-21 years of age; youth in need of a home; training school releases and probationers. 12-bed group home. Accepted on individual merits.

Program: Compulsory group discussion meetings. Room and board of 25% of salary when working to a maximum of \$20.00 per week. Length of stay is individualized.

b) 1227 GEORGE AVENUE HOUSE, Windsor, Ontario, N8Y 2X7.

Residents: Male; 14 to 16 years of age; youth in need of a home or in trouble with the law, referred by a sponsoring agency. 5-bed group home.

Program: Most of the boys attend school. Those who are working pay room and board.

REACH-OUT, c/o Suite 3, 1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Ontario N8W 3P2. Executive Director, Fred J. O'Neil.

Program: A project reaching-out into the local secondary schools to involve young people in a self-betterment program. Court work when feasible. Income-providing projects when needed for restitution or recreation.

THE INN OF WINDSOR, 1687 Wyandotte Street East, Windsor, Ontario, N8Y 1C8. Executive Director, Miss Irene Girard; Chief Residence Counsellor: Miss Carolyn Shirton.

Residents: Females; 15-21 years of age whose needs cannot at the time be met adequately in a family or in community - training school wards; probationers, parolees, diversion, pre-diversion and family problems; and 12-bed home.

Program: Group living program with individualized plan for each girl. Offers a variety of experiences including counselling, schooling, job

opportunities, recreation, camping, crafts and household arts. Room and board of \$30.00 per week when able. Planned termination.

ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE, 491 Victoria Ave Windsor, Ontario, N9A 4N1. Executive Director, Paul Henry; Assistant Director, Skip Stanowski.

Residents: Male; 16 years of age and older; mostly for parolees but also for any adult in trouble with the law; accepted on individual merits. 20-bed "home" comprised of 2 houses side-by-side.

Program: Individual and group counselling therapy. Assistance in enrollment in an educational program or in obtaining initial employment. Room and board charge of \$12.00 per week. Length of stay is individualized.

#### WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

NATIVE CLAN ORGANIZATION INCORPORATED, 620 - 504 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 1B8. Contact Person, Curtis Fontaine.

Residents: Male; Native Canadians; 18 years of age or older; generally parolees. Individuals accepted on personal merits. 28-bed home in central Winnipeg. Room and board of \$75. per month. Length of stay individualized.

Program: Individual and group counselling. Assistance given in pursuing employment and educational plans.

UNITED CHURCH HALFWAY HOMES, 511 Stradbrook Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 0K2. Executive Director, Don Bailey.

Residents: Male; 18 years of age and older; released prisoners, accepted on individual merits. Each of the three homes has 7 beds.

Program: Home setting with live-in married couple as staff. Pre-released visits. Services range from basic support to referral counselling. Room and board of \$100. per month. Length of stay is individualized.

# THE WEIGHT LIFTER

①



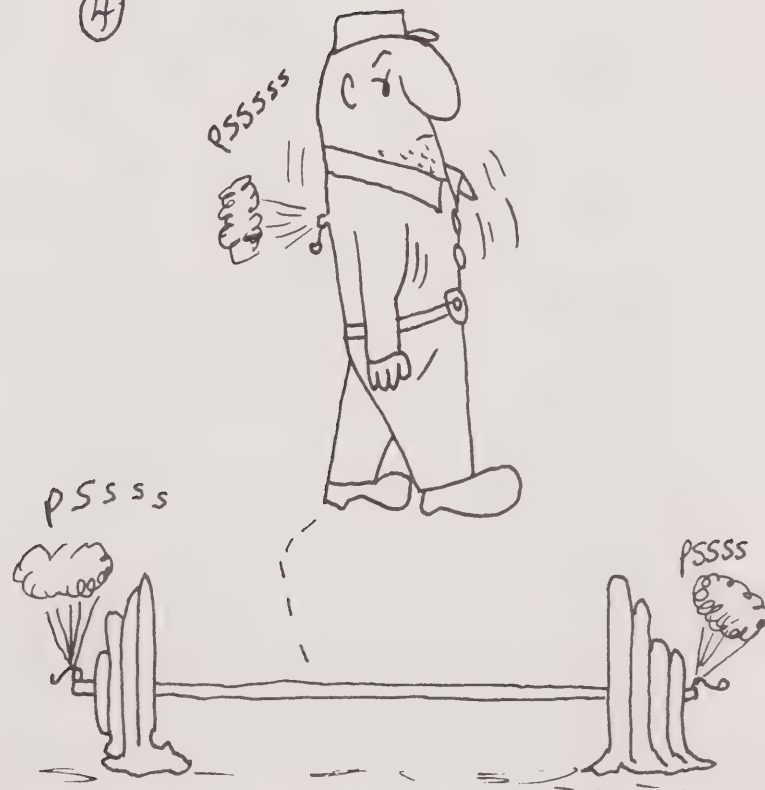
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## "BY WAY OF EXPLANATION"

by ray erickson

Tell them at home, if they ask  
What brought me to this place,  
To this plateau beneath the night's  
Grave manifold of race

It was not fraud or foolishness,  
Glory, revenge, or pay:  
I came because my open eyes  
Could see no other way.

No longer the illness, the pain  
Dreading the dawn of day:  
Sobriety is never easy friend  
For us there is no other way.

A sunrise in all it's glory  
Respect from children and friend  
Each day brings glory and wonder:  
Dear God, may it never end.

I have so much to live for  
Which chance will be the last?  
I live now for tomorrow  
And try to forget the past.

I grow older here in prison  
Often wondering why,  
The time that is lost is worth it  
If I can be sober  
When I die.

# QUOTE

From the Notebook of Lazarus Lo  
aka The Elder  
by Robert A. Heinlein in  
"Time Enough for Love"

\*\*\*\*\*  
Certainly the game is rigged. Don't let that stop you: if you don't bet, you can't win.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
All men are created unequal.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Always listen to the experts. They'll tell you what can't be done, and why. Then do it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Delusions are often functional. A mother's opinions about her children's beauty, intelligence, goodness, et cetera ad nauseam, keep her from drowning them at birth.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
A generation that ignores history has no past -- and no future.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
A poet who reads his verse in public may have other nasty habits.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
History does not record anywhere at any time a religion that has any rational basis. Religion is a crutch for people not strong enough to stand up to the unknown without help. But, like dandruff, most people do have a religion and spend time and money on it and seem to derive considerable pleasure from fiddling with it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
If you don't like yourself, you can't like other people.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Your enemy is never a villain in his own eyes. Keep this in mind; it may offer a way to make him your friend. If not, you can kill him without hate -- and quickly.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Men are more sentimental than women. It blurs their thinking.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
All societies are based on rules to protect pregnant women and young children. All else is surplusage, adornment, luxury, or folly which can -- and must -- be dumped in emergency to preserve this prime function. As racial survival is the only universal morality, no other basic is possible. Attempts to formulate a 'perfect society' on any foundation other than 'Women and Children First!' is not only witless, it is automatically genocidal. Nevertheless, starry-eyed idealists (all of them male) have tried endlessly -- and no doubt will keep on trying.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
When the need arises -- and it does -- you must be able to shoot your own dog. Don't farm it out -- that doesn't make it nicer, it makes it worse.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Everything in excess! To enjoy the flavor of life, take big bites. Moderation is for monks.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Never appeal to a man's 'better nature'. He may not have one. Invoking his self-interest gives you more leverage.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Place your clothes and weapons where you can find them in the dark.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
A woman is not property, and husbands who think otherwise are living in a dreamworld.  
\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*  
Money is the sincerest of all flattery.  
Women love to be flattered.  
So do men.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
The phrase 'we (I) (you) simply must  
--- 'designates something that need not  
be done. 'That goes without saying' is  
a red warning. 'Of course!' means you  
had best check it yourself. These small-  
change cliches and others like them,  
when read correctly, are reliable chan-  
nel markers  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
NEVER underestimate the power of  
human stupidity.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Stupidity cannot be cured with money,  
or through education, or by legislation.  
Stupidity is not a sin, the victim can't  
help being stupid. But stupidity is the  
only capital crime; the sentence is death,  
there is no appeal, and execution is  
carried out automatically and without  
pity.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Courage is the complement of fear.  
A man who is fearless cannot be courage-  
ous. (He is also a fool.)  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
People who go broke in a big way  
never miss any meals. It is the poor  
jerk who is shy a half a slug who must  
tighten his belt.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
The more you love, the more you can  
love -- and the more intensely you love.  
Nor is there any limit on how many you  
can love. If a person had time enough,  
he could love all of the majority who  
are decent and just.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Sovereign ingredient for a happy  
marriage; Pay cash or do without. In-  
terest charges not only eat up a house-  
hold budget; awareness of debt eats up  
domestic felicity.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
A competent and self-confident person  
is incapable of jealousy in anything.  
Jealousy is invariably a symptom of  
neurotic insecurity.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Everybody lies about sex.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
A 'critic' is a man who creates  
nothing and thereby feels qualified to  
judge the work of creative men. There  
is logic in this; he is unbiased -- he  
hates all creative people equally.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Money is truthful. If a man speaks  
of his honor, make him pay cash.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
This sad little lizard told me that  
he was a brontosaurus on his mother's  
side. I did not laugh; people who boast  
of ancestry often have little else to  
sustain them. Humoring them costs  
nothing and adds to happiness in a world  
in which happiness is always in short  
supply.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Never try to outstubborn a cat.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Yield to temptation: it may not pass  
your way again.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Waking a person unnecessarily should  
not be considered a capital crime. For  
a first offence, that is.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
'Go to hell!' or other insult direct  
is all the answer a snooty question  
rates.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Anything free is worth what you pay  
for it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
The correct way to punctuate a sen-  
tence that starts: 'Of course it is none  
of my business but -- 'is to place a  
period after the word 'but'. Don't use  
excessive force in supplying such moron  
with a period. Cutting his throat is  
only a momentary pleasure and is bound  
to get you talked about.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Don't try to have the last word. You  
might get it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Anyone who cannot cope with mathematics  
is not fully human. At best he is a  
tolerable subhuman who has learned to  
wear shoes, bathe, and not make messes  
in the house.  
\*\*\*\*\*

## REPORT ON MILLHAVEN

RELEASED BY DEPARTMENT OF THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL

OTTAWA - The Solicitor General, The Honourable Warren Allmand, today (July 15, 1976) released a report by the Federal Correctional Investigator Inger Hansen, Q.C. The Minister had asked Miss Hansen to investigate events surrounding an incident on November 3, 1975 at Millhaven Institution, in which tear gas and force were alleged to have been used on inmates. Her inquiry involved twenty-two days of formal hearings, and the testimony of some forty witnesses.

The report documents the events which took place and finds that more gas may have been used than was necessary. It notes that inadequate control measures in the penitentiary armory made it impossible to discover how much gas had, in fact, been used. The study concludes that gas had been improperly used by the staff, in a potentially dangerous manner, and that the requirements to notify the hospital and a senior penitentiary administrator were not met. The acts or omissions of staff involved in the events appeared to be the result of human error, ignorance and failure to accept or understand policy.

The report cautioned that the Millhaven incident should not be viewed in

isolation from ongoing processes in the correctional system. Efforts to enhance understanding, compassion and morale of those who work in the Penitentiary Service and the establishment of a comprehensive in-service training program would contribute to diminishing the gap between policy and reality. The report states that correctional staff live with a great deal of tension and that they feel "powerless and unappreciated".

The main recommendations of the study are that instructions in the use of gas and decontamination be clarified and that an editorial board be established within the Penitentiary Service to clarify instructions and policy communications.

The report also condemned the manner in which leg-irons and hand-cuffs had been used in the institution and called for precise instructions and medical supervision in the use of mechanical restraint equipment.

"I have reviewed the results of Miss Hansen's comprehensive inquiry, which has also been referred to the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and I intend to discuss the matter with him fully," Mr. Allmand said.



# INGER HANSEN : FEDERAL FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A few years ago the office of the Solicitor-General decided that a permanent correctional investigator was needed to examine the many grievances which federal prisoners across the country were making. Whether this move was one of political expediency or based on a genuine concern for the welfare of all inmates is a moot case. What was important to 7000 incarcerated human beings was the fact that the position of Federal Ombudsperson was created by the Solicitor-General, and subsequently occupied by Inger Hansen.

Ms. Hansen was appointed by the Federal Cabinet. Under the auspices of the Federal Inquiries Act, she has complete access to all files dealing with inmates for whom the Canadian Penitentiary Service is responsible.

Ms. Hansen has no special powers with which to correct what she considers substantiated injustices within the prison system. She can and does however, recommend action to rectify such situations, and these recommendations are heard by the highest levels of government.

There are two types of grievances which Inger deals with. The first kind is those grievances against the directives of any institution. (This is the 200 series). This includes such varied topics as security measures and computation of the time which an inmate serves. The second type of grievances are concerned with appeals & complaints about disciplinary actions.

Ms. Hansen tries to visit all federal institutions at least once every month or two in order to give personal interviews with complainants. To facilitate the smooth operation of her duties, she offers these hints.

a) Follow proper grievance procedure. If you have a valid grievance, 1/ make an oral complaint to a C.P.S. officer. If action is not taken, 2/ make a written complaint to the Director of

the Institution. Should there still be no action taken, 3/ make a written complaint to the Regional Director. If you are still not satisfied with the action taken, 5/ write to the Federal Ombudsperson. (You are entitled to a reply from each of these levels of authority within 10 days).

b) Write to Ms. Hansen before she is scheduled to visit the institution and arrange for a personal interview for the most effective work, especially when dealing with computation of time or the checking of files.

c) Her office is set up to handle inmates on an individual basis. If your self-help group has a grievance, be prepared to deal with it individually.

When asked about the percentage of success she has had, Inger replied that the rectification average is approximately 10%. This is the result of direct action only. (Ms. Hansen also submits long term recommendations which are not included in this average.)

While she has no authority regarding paroles at this time, Inger sees the possibility that her duties of her office will include this area of concern in the foreseeable future. She is also of the personal opinion that when an inmate appears before a disciplinary court on charges of a criminal nature, he should be provided with legal representation during his trial.

Still, she feels that there is a need that is being fulfilled by her office. So much so, in fact, that her staff has now risen from one person to seven.

If you feel that you have a valid grievance, she suggests that you contact her by writing to:

INGER HANSEN  
CORRECTIONAL INVESTIGATOR  
P.O. BOX 950, STATION B,  
OTTAWA, ONTARIO





GRADE 12 EXAMINATION ..... TIME LIMIT 3 WEEKS

1. What language is spoken by French Canadians?
2. Give the important characteristics of the ancient Babylonian Empire with particular reference to architecture, literature, law and social conditions: or give the first names of the Beatles.
3. What religion is the Pope? Jewish, Catholic, Hindu, Muslim or Anglican? (Check one only).
4. Would you ask William Shakespeare to ... build a bridge, sail the ocean, lead the army or WRITE A PLAY?
5. What is a silver dollar made of?
6. What time is it when the big hand is on the one and the little hand is on the five?
7. How many commandments (approx.) was Moses given?
8. Which team does Bobby Hull play for?
9. Spell -- Diefenbaker, LaMarsh, Nielson and Ouimette.
10. What are people that live in Canada's far north called -- Easterners, Westerners, Southerners or Northerners? (Check one only).
11. Six kings of England have been called George, the last one being George VI. Name the previous five.
12. Who won World War II - Who came second?
13. Where does the rain come from ---- supermarkets, Eaton's, U.S.A. or the sky? Choose one.
14. Can you explain Einstein's Theory of relativity? Yes or no?
15. What is Newfoundland famous for --- money, intelligence, weather or stupidity? (Check the last one only)
16. The song "O CANADA" is the national anthem for what country?
17. Explain LeChateliers principle of dynamic equilibrium force or spell your own name in block letters.
18. What holiday falls on January 1 -- Easter, Christmas, New Year's or Thanksgiving? (Check one only)
19. What are coat hangers used' for?
20. Where is the basement located in a three storey building?



## HOW TO LIVE IN A FEDERAL INSTITUTION ON A LOW CLASS BUDGET

by bill watt

The basic income of your typical con is very small, about the same as that of a Hungarian refugee with chicken pox. Now to overcome this low rate of income many enterprising people have come up with ways and means of getting more money. One such way is to politely relieve your friendly L.U. of his wallet. This, however, causes all sorts of problems such as passes, day paroles etc. Another favorite is to fall into one's tiolette with the hopes of suffering multiple fractures thus being able to sue the government. The odds against this one working are very big plus all you would get is an award for being the least popular person of the week. So as you can see it is hard to be able to afford that bunk-bed combination you have been promising yourself for the last year.

Do not however give up all hopes because there is now a safe and easy way to make it through those years of depression. I have, after consulting a few authorities on this matter, decided to publish my remarkable method of boosting my budget so that it is shared with those less fortunate. Due to the great cost I am taking in publishing this fantastic method I am asking for a small donation of \$5.00 per copy. This is only a trickle in the ocean as they say, compared to the amount I am personally spending to bring this super method to you. Now, should you want

a copy for your personal use, and I'm sure everyone will, just run down to the nearest mailbox and send that fin today. Within a week (or something like that you will receive a copy plus, yes that's right, plus a bonus with absolutely no cost to you of a carton of yellow ribbons (straight off the old oak tree) to impress your friends with. Now can you honestly tell me of a better deal. (If you can keep your mouth shut and we'll pay you off tomorrow).

Just listen to what these fine inmates have to say about this new method that they so smartly requested.

Joe Rothead, Sing Sing: Ever since getting this fantastic, super method I have never had empty pockets. (I lost my pants paying for this crummy method)

Babyface Sam, San Quentin: This new method is the best thing I've seen in years and I've been blind since I was born.

So there you have it, don't delay any longer tell that postman to send it rush airmail before the supply runs out.

This offer good for two years or until I die which ever comes first. In case of dissatisfaction don't bother the Better Business Bureau, they don't know I exist.



## POETRY IN PRISON

by Frank Guiney  
of Creative Writing

Not too many years ago, when prisons were even grimmer establishments than they are today, when life inside was eighteen hours a day lock-up in a five-by-ten cell with no plumbing; and 'recreation' consisted of a twenty minute walk in a single-file circle; and conversation was talking real low without moving your lips; and 'visiting privileges' won you fifteen minutes once a month with a guard at your elbow; and the routine was shaved heads and lock-step and the silent system and bitter black tea and the 'cat' and the paddle were regular reminders that punishment silence and solitude were the basic ingredients of repentance and reform; in those days, a secret literary art form was already well established and flourishing in our prisons.

Surreptitious in its conception, and furtive in its life time, this bit of underground culture functioned quietly for decades behind the gray walls, spreading from cell to cell, from block to block and from memory to memory by whispered word of mouth. It was a smidgeon of free expression, a part of man that cannot be contained by shackles and bars and concrete; it was a bit of feelings, a scrap of humor, a little release that could not be stifled by the rules and regulations and punishments and deprivations of a caged world.

It was ragged: it was tough; it was cynical; it was ironic. It was funny and it was tragic. It was love and it was hate. It was the 'jailhouse ballad' the poetry men in prison.

In every sense a truly 'inside' culture medium, convict poetry was often bitter and mean, because it was written by men who were often bitter and mean; but surprisingly enough, it was just as often sensitive and trenchant and beautiful.

victs. Seldom did the 'square john', the outsider, encounter a real jailhouse poem and if he did, he could rarely feel, or fully comprehend its impact, because the experience of the poem could not possibly relate to anything within his frame of reference. Convict irony and convict humor would go over his head; and convict sensitivity would fail to penetrate his heart. The joke, the tragedy, the understanding, was ours alone written between the lines; unspoken, sub-surfaced much in the style we lived our lives; much like the expressionless faces we showed to our keepers.

What outsider could fully understand:

Don't get down hearted, young fellow,  
Because you don't get any mail;  
The girls soon forget you are living,  
They can't use a daddy in jail.  
Oh! They'll cry  
And they'll say they love you,  
And swear they'll be true to the end.  
But the girl that don't bolt  
When you're doing a jolt,  
Is one-in-a-million my friend.

Sure, the surface message expressed in those understated lines, is obvious, especially to anyone who has been a loser in the game of love, but only another prisoner could fully appreciate the gut wrenching agony and despair alluded to by the unknown writer.

To anyone who has done a jolt, that little stanza conjures the whole painful story, a story of hope and good intentions and resolutions and love and longing and broken promises; of clinging desperately to a bit of solidity in the sea of loneliness; of predicating your whole life on faith in another. It's a story of rose-colored glasses, and starry eyes shining through wire mesh screen, eyes alight with the often mis-

It was written only for other con-

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taken optimism that love conquers all. And its the grinding, frustrating, soul killing story of the frailty of the human condition when the exorable, debilitating crush of time tests its slender under pinnings.

It's a story of bitterness and tears and insanity; of slashed wrists and hanging bodies; of broken dreams and broken man; of a shrunken world of helplessness and despair. Three paces long and an arm-stretch wide.

It's an unwritten story directed to other prisoners in other five by tens in other endless nights.

That was the old prison poetry; for prisoners only. How many square-johns ever heard of the 'Ballad of Morphine Bill' or the 'Dope Fiend's Convention' or the story of 'Three Way Mary' or the multitude of verses scratched on the walls of holding jails across the country?

These were the real jailhouse ballads, composed behind bars, committed to memory, and repeated in the sweat shops and on the work gangs for the appreciative ears of the contemporaries; when the 'bull wasn't looking'. If the ballads were good, they endured, were passed on; and they eventually spread from coast, to coast; handed down through generations of prisoners.

But the poems remained within the bounds of the prison subculture and the 'rounder' element.

Once in a while, an exceptional talent would attempt to 'put out', to tell it the way it is, to try and communicate in the language of the real world; or, as in England, the rare genius of Oscar Wilde would be thrust into the mysterious, distorted half life of prison experience, taste of its bitterness and try to convey the stultifying horror of the caged and the damned to those who cannot know.

But, even then, given the genius of

Wilde, I wonder how many people of his time could reach deep enough into the Ballad of Reading Gaol to smell the disinfectant and the fear; to hear the echo of clanking steel and the eerie moans of tortured sleep; to feel the real hunger-ache in a man looking up from the darkness of a concrete pit, for that little patch of blue that prisoners call the sky.

We knew, because that kind of prison was part of our lives and - you can believe it - there are still 'Reading Gaols' in this country.

Things are changing, of course, ever so slowly. Penitentiaries and jails are mostly old, unwieldy monsters that seldom lend themselves easily to enlightenment and new concepts; but the prison secret, the isolated, inviolate mystery of yesterday, has been breached, and there are ever - widening leaks in the concrete curtain.

Prison poetry has changed with the times. In Canada the 'new look' in jailhouse poems began back in the early 1950's when the penal press was born and the penitentiary convicts were permitted a limited medium of expression and communication with the outside world.

Prisoners who cared about such things suddenly realized that the feelings and ideas they expressed on paper would now be read by the people unfamiliar with the prison ethic, and the communication to all levels had to be a prime consideration in any search for understanding and empathy and hopefully, progress.

The penal press, much to the credit of its originators, was at first a squawling, brawling infant flailing away at everyone; but despite the inevitable growing pains, the pen papers eventually flourished and matured, achieving in many instances, a remarkable measure of rapport and acceptance. Unfortunately, the noisy infant may have got a little big for its britches, and after ten

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years of life, was abolished and forbidden in this country. Canadian Penitentiaries today have no penal press per se.

But the attitude of expression had stuck. Prisoners still write poetry; but its scope has widened, taken on a new tone. Prisons are not as mysterious as they were thirty years ago - or even ten years ago - and neither is prison poetry. And it may be that outsiders understand more and listen a bit closer and care a little.

But the poetry of the prisons still retains a certain uniqueness, and is an art form in its own right. Other forms and styles are very similar, like the 'bunkhouse ballads' of the Western Loggers; and the poetry of the Yukon, immortalized by Robert Service:

And hunger, not of the beefy kind,  
That's banished with bacon and beans;  
But the gnawing hunger of lonely men  
For a home and all that it means  
For a fireside far from the cares that are:  
Four walls and roof above  
But oh, so cram-full of cozy joy  
And crowned with a woman's love.

Like Oscar, Service knew where it was at, and prisoners knew what he meant. But it wasn't quite jailhouse poetry.

Yesterday's jailhouse ballads are fast disappearing, no one memorizes them anymore. Maybe somewhere, some place, someone has compiled a collection of them for posterity; or perhaps some old lag or lifer has a few tucked away in the dusty obsolescence of his memory; but, for the most part, they are probably lost forever, buried under layers of paint in city lock-ups, or laid to rest in unmarked graves in the shadow of the wall.

The collections here, of course, is mostly of a contemporary bent, with just a smattering attempt at the old any-

mous, write-em-on-the-wall type, but maybe, hopefully, some vestige of the old spirit survives.

And if the ghosts of yesterday's legion of unknown, unsung jailhouse poets are peering over my shoulder tonight, I can only ask their forgiveness for a woeful ineptness in trying to do what they would have done much differently.

I'm sure they'd understand; because there's something about a prison cell that awakens in almost everyone a craving for expression, a need to communicate (if only with one's self) an urge to spill out the pin-pointed, polarized emotion of the moment in one way or another.

Give any prisoner a stub of pencil, a scrap of paper, and an empty, swelling ache in his chest, and something truly genuine and beautiful could someday emanate from that five-by-ten he lives in.

There's steel and concrete in there; and a tiolet. There's some bloody history, and a multitude of sad memories; there's three walls that 'steal the light, and give back nothing in return': but there is also a very human being in there, with a heart, with a soul and with at least a few of the saving qualities of mankind.

Some of us still recall a piece of free verse (no pun intended) which circulated through the British Columbia Penitentiary about twenty years ago. Its origin and its author are unknown but its message, certainly, will be forever contemporary.

Maybe that particular jailhouse poet summed up what we all are trying to say in one way or another:

See that guy over there;  
That's me.  
If you don't believe me,  
Go and ask him.  
But don't be surprised  
If he says  
He's you.





## PRODUCTION REPORT

by Tom Goodall

We are, indeed, products of the form and substance of guilt. Elemental guilt, the totalitarian affect that causes the individual to suffer one common penalty as though he were responsible for all crimes committed.

We are the commodity of an industry. Items manufactured with a life-time guarantee, to repose; to serve our masters with blind obedience, in degradation, for the rest of our lives. Then, in this separate reality should we not request, at whatever cost, remuneration equal to the realization being reaped

from our personal sacrifice? We are criminals, but still human beings with the inalienable right to assume the 'normal' functions of human behavior.

I am a criminal by profession, my professional status, though poorly paid is recognized by society as 'habitual'. But regardless of the play-on-words I am a professional, established by reputation, aristocratic in attitude with a specialized means of earning a living. By crime.

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To me, criminality is my freedom of choice. I could have chosen to be a carpenter, a butcher, a mechanic. But I did not. I chose to be a criminal. But like the carpenter who smashes a thumb, or the butcher who might cut off a finger, or the mechanic who was killed under a collapsed car jack my occupation too has its hazards, and imprisonment is the hazard of my trade.

It is an 'established' fact that prison people are by majority recidivists; as proven by existing statistics that in excess of eighty percent of released prisoners return to prison within a twelve-month period. We, the prison people, experience these statistics as meaning that one hundred percent of all released cons return. The 'unknown' twenty percent being ex-cons who have died, become too old or have suffered some other physical disability that keeps them from practising their trade. These few are 'replaced', in turn, by 'first-offenders' who replenish the prison quota by promotion through the assisting or support agency, juvenile detention centres and 'Boys Schools'. Which serve in capacity of a maintaining function, to replenish physically worn-out prisoner stocks.

You see, incarceration can very easily be viewed as an industry. Especially by prison people who experience the results of society's ludicrous system. They look upon incarceration through contrast; people outside prison have some semblance of control and responsibility to themselves regarding decisions which involve their lives, we, the prison people, do not, and we are suppressed if we attempt to exert any control over our lives. We reject as facile the intention of incarceration. Prison intends only one thing. That the released con will return to prison.

To the newly released prisoner what is usually taken for granted by non-prison people is terrifying. For the conditioning process is such that a prisoner becomes abnormal in order to

partially survive mentally and physically within the prison system.

Upon being released, the process must somehow be reversed. Yet many of the prison people being released cannot cope with the transition that is necessary and it is inevitable that the majority of these people will be returned for socially unacceptable behaviour.

What is not understood by most people, is that having a released prison returning once again as a prisoner is the only purpose of the prison system! The reason for this is economical, nothing more, nothing else.

Economically the prison system is a hundred and fifty million dollar a year business. As with any other business it has a commodity, in this instance, prison people are the commodity that allows the prison system its continued expansion.

The federal prison system uses approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars a year and this expenditure is for the federal prison system alone (this figure is not unrealistically high when capital expenditure is seen as depreciable rather than total writeoff the latter being the government's method of handling such figures).

If the police, judiciary and the prison system and other supportive institutions are looked at in each province something like the following will be seen: courthouses, city prisons, provincial prisons, community centres, and to these, of course, should be added the employees; e.g. courthouses with magistrates, judges, appeal court judges, court clerks, sheriffs, bailiffs, crown prosecutors, and other and their staffs and supply agencies and the list goes on and on. The same breakdown can be provided for every branch of the criminal justice system, and the total picture is alarming when one discovers just how 'important', essential, prisons are to the economy. We are a total society dependent on acts of crime, regardless of which end one is on.



All of this is supported by the tax dollar and it is costing more each year! What the taxpayer receives is nothing, for the larger percentage of prison people do not return to society as functional people. The 'cloak' of rehabilitation is just a propaganda means of raising taxes to support 'cradle to the grave' welfare. It's a hoax.

When you look deeply into the various aspects of prisons and their support systems, a picture of a large, ever expanding business emerges and turns out to be one of the bigger industries in Canada.

Having prisoners return to society as an acceptable member of the community would in effect bankrupt the prison system (as 85% of all crimes are committed by the revolving 85% recidivists-prison-people-membership. The professionals. Petty as they often are, but the established criminal.

This to many people is a horrifying concept to consider. All that is being done in the prison system today is really nothing more than a detain, dehumanize and release function. A successful rehabilitation programme then

is one which guarantees that the programmed prisoner will return after being released. Canada's prison system could then be described as a success.

In view of this, it is logical then to look upon incarceration as being a valid contribution to the community. Prisoners then, indeed, do perform a necessary and obviously worthwhile function by populating the prison system, employing thousands of citizens who would otherwise be welfare cases, expanding the economy by corrupting 'first offenders' and those they associate with, thus insuring future generations of prisoners, to fill and expand the present prison system.

Need prison people come to violence and destruction of the present system just to receive what is their right by nature, and the law? Are we really so insignificant that we can be totally unforgiven? I wonder, but if something happens to me or the system and its puppet administrators, well, better we should all die believing in ourselves than live under totalitarian rule.

I'm a tradesman, not a traitor.

*Solution to Page 33*

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# WINTER MASK

by Allen Tate

TO THE MEMORY OF W. B. YEATS

I

Towards nightfall when the wind  
Tries the eaves and casements  
(A winter wind of the mind  
Long gathering its will  
I lay the mind's contents  
Bare, as upon a table,  
And ask, in a time of war  
Whether there is still  
To a mind frivolously dull  
Anything worth living for.

II

If I am meek and dull  
And a poor sacrifice  
Of perverse will to cull  
The act from the attempt,  
Just look into damned eyes  
And give the returning glare;  
For the damned like it, the more  
Damnation is exempt  
From what would save its heir  
With a thing worth living for.

III

The poisoned rat in the wall  
Cuts through the wall like a knife,  
Then blind, drying, and small  
And driven to cold water,  
Dies of the water of life:  
Both damned in eternal ice,  
The traitor become the boor  
Who had led his friend to slaughter,  
Now bites his head -- not nice,  
The food that he lives for.

IV

I supposed two scenes of hell,  
Two human bestiaries,  
Might uncommonly well  
Convey the doom I thought;  
But lest the horror freeze  
The gentler estimation  
I go to the sylvan door  
Where nature has been bought  
In rational proration  
As a thing worth living for.

V

Should the buyer have been beware?  
It is an uneven trade  
For man has wet his hair  
Under the winter weather  
With only fog for shade:  
His mouth a bracketed hole  
Picked by the crows that bore  
Nature to their hanged brother,  
Who rattles against the bole  
The thing that he lived for.

VI

I asked the master Yeats  
Whose great style could not tell  
Why it is man hates  
His own salvation,  
Prefers the way to hell,  
And finds his last safety  
In the self-made curse that bore  
Him towards damnation:  
The drowned undrowned by the sea,  
The sea worth living for.

## without Sense of Direction

by John Crowe Ransom

Tell this to ladies: how a hero man  
Assail a thick and scandalous giant  
Who casts true shadow in the sun,  
And die, but play no truant.

This is more horrible: that the darling egg,  
Of the chosen people hatch a creature  
Of noblest mind and powerful leg  
Who cannot fathom nor perform his nature.

The larks' tongues are never stilled  
Where the pale spread straw of sunlight lies.  
Then what invidious gods have willed  
Him to be seized so otherwise?

Birds of the field and beasts of the stable  
Are swollen with rapture and make uncouth  
Demonstration of joy, which is a babble  
Offending the ear of the fervorless youth.

Love - is it the cause? the proud shamed spirit?  
Love has slain some whom it possessed,  
But his was requited beyond his merit  
And won him in bridal the loveliest.

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Yet scarcely he issues from the warm chamber,  
Flushed with her passion, when cold as dead  
Once more he walks where waves past number  
Of sorrow buffet his course-hung head.

Whether by street, or in field full of honey,  
Attended by clouds of the creatures of air  
Or shouldering the city's companioning many,  
His doom is on him; and how can he care

For the shapes that would fiddle upon his senses,  
Wings and faces and mists that move,  
Words, sunlight, the blue air which rinses  
The pure pale head which he must love?

And he writhes like an antique man of bronze  
That is beaten by furies visible,  
Yet he is punished not knowing his sins  
And for his innocence walks in hell.

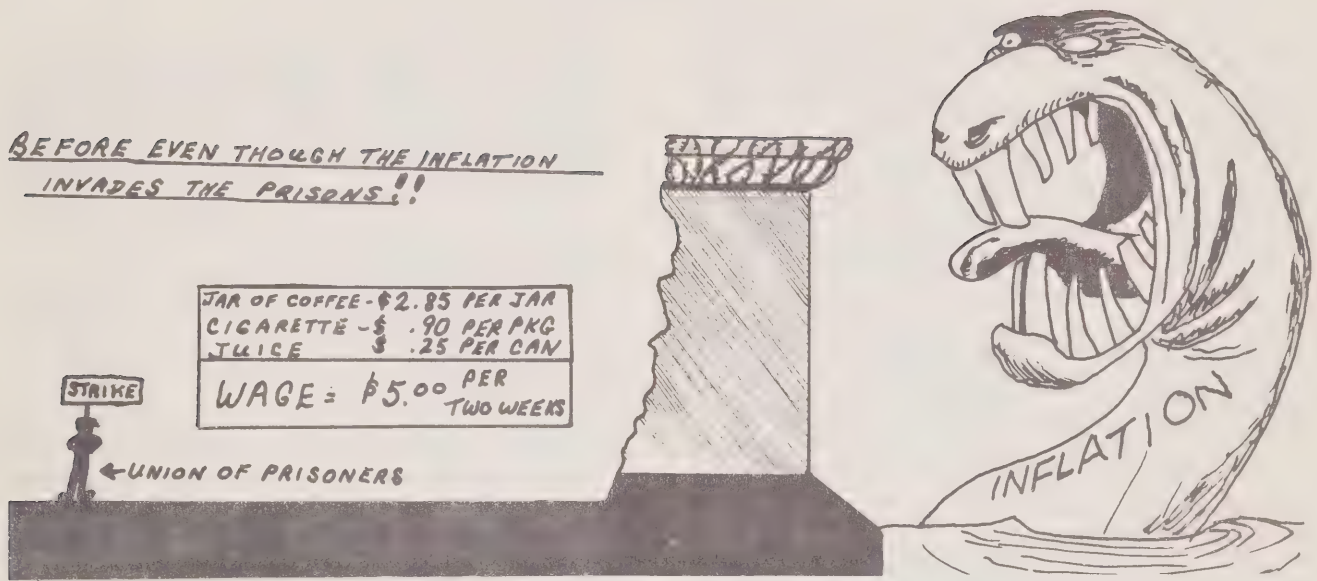
He flails his arms, he moves his lips:  
"Rage have I none, cause, time, nor country --  
Yet I have traveled land and ships  
And knelt my seasons in the chantry."

So he stands muttering; and rushes  
Back to the tender thing in his charge  
With clamoring tongue and taste of ashes  
And a small passion to feign large.

But let his cold lips be her omen,  
She shall not kiss that harried one  
To peace, as men are served by women  
Who comfort them in darkness and in sun.

# Inflation Magnified by Pay of Prisoners

BEFORE EVEN THOUGH THE INFLATION  
INVADES THE PRISONS!!



OTTAWA (CP) - Inflation is magnified immensely in federal prisons by the fact that the top wage for working prisoners has been \$1 a day.

Penitentiaries Commissioner Andre Therrien recently announced a 20-per-cent increase, to \$1.20, 'to alleviate the problem of higher cost of canteen goods.'

Mr. Therrien said a system to tie prison wages to soaring canteen costs is being worked out and will be implemented next August. The 20 per cent is an interim increase.

At prison canteens, the cost of a stamped envelope jumped to 15 cents from

12¢ September 1st when first-class postal rates were increased. Even with their wage increase, prisoners still have to work more than an hour to earn the money to mail a letter.

An eight-ounce jar of instant coffee jumped to \$2.85 from \$2.10 in September prisoners at Springhill, N.S., medium-security institution told a Commons subcommittee last week. Working prisoners seemed aghast at the increase.

To a man, they buy roll-your-owns. Nobody can afford regular cigarettes

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at near \$1 a pack. Even with the increase, it still takes about two weeks' pay to buy a carton.

#### NO POP

"Nobody buys pop" one prisoner said. "Pop's a luxury. We like to have some juice, for when we have a cold. But juice costs 25 cents a can."

Tioletries such as soap and toothpaste may be taken for granted outside but they are expensive necessities to many prisoners who have no other source of funds but their inside wages.

Their wives and sweethearts more often than not are on welfare. But most save enough to pick up several cans of pop, at 25 cents a can, from the machine at the entrance to the visiting quarters.

Bonnie Rogers, the wife of a prisoner at Springhill, 150 miles north of Halifax, gets \$254 a month from welfare to support herself and her three children.

She goes by train once monthly to see her husband, the \$17 round-trip fare paid by Unison, an agency whose funds run out this month unless its Manpower grant is renewed.

For more than 20 years, officials and politicians have been trying to find ways to keep prisoners busy and to enable them to help support themselves and their families.

#### SOME GAINS

In the past, the system seldom has got beyond sewing mail bags at 10 cents an hour - a 'trade' program - or working in the kitchen or laundry.

But lately, some basic gains are being made. In the Maritimes, dozens of prisoners cut pulp for Scott Paper and are paid regular wages while confined to woods camps. The program was developed a couple of years ago when Scott found it difficult to get free men to work in the woods.

In medium-security prisons across the country, men work in well-set-up trade shops, building cabinets, welding, barbering - all under skilled instructors. The wages - \$1.20 a day maximum - aren't the incentive. The prospect of getting a job is.

#### PAY ON PRODUCTION

A study group has recommended that prisoner pay no longer be based solely on behavior in prison but on production in the workshop. An object is to follow conditions in private industry.

At Joyceville, a medium-security prison near Kingston, Ontario, prisoners will manufacture metal shelves, lockers, storage cabinets and filing cabinets to be purchased and used by federal government departments.

Under the pilot project, the men initially will earn a minimum \$1.25 an hour and may work up to the minimum hourly federal wage - \$2.80 - depending on their responsibility.

If it works out at Joyceville, the project will be extended to at least a dozen federal prisons beginning in 1978.

The goal is to teach specific skills in a practical environment in which success or failure of the 'factory' depends on its management and productivity.

Eighty men will be employed in the factory but they'll be chosen from applicants from among the 400 prisoners in Joyceville. They will work on a six-week probationary period and promotion will depend on performance, attitude, aptitude and opportunity, as it would in a private industry.

They'll also have to face job insecurity. It'll be back to 10 cents an hour washing dishes if they don't measure up.

The goal eventually is a system in which prisoners may be able to support their families while confined and be checked off for unemployment insurance, pension plans and other benefits - with enough left over to buy that canteen juice when the flu hits.



## The John Howard Society

### FIGHTING CRIME, SAVING MONEY

by barry nelson,  
Herald Staff Writer

The John Howard Society is busy fighting crime and saving taxpayers' money.

The society is a private correctional agency which helps prison inmates and ex-inmates.

It also helps the public by leading people away from a life of crime.

Norm Jackson, Calgary district director of the society, says that the organization is able to supervise a parolee for about one-tenth the cost of keeping the same person in jail.

And, he says, men leaving the society's Ramsay House half-way facility here "are not going back to jail as quickly or in as great numbers" as other former prisoners.

Ramsay House, which is designed to provide food, lodging, counselling and 24-hour supervision while men who have been in jail re-establish themselves in the community, is one of many services performed by the society.

Operating on a budget of about \$186,000 yearly, the society counsels and assists about 50 men who are on parole or under 'mandatory supervision' during the last third of federal jail sentences.

About 75% of this money comes from United Way and the rest from federal government fees, private donations and memberships.

Ramsay House operates on a separate yearly budget of about \$60,000.

The house is home to about 15 men who are on parole or on temporary absence passes from jail.

Those who are working are required to pay room and board, but the facility

also provides short-term lodging while men look for work.

Finding jobs for ex-inmates is another major concern of the society. About 20 jobs, including 12 full-time positions, have been found since September.

"There is a general apprehension about hiring ex-inmates because of the unknown. There are a lot of misconceptions about inmates," says Harold Cobb, employment co-ordinator for the society.

"But based on our direct experience, there is a tremendous wealth of potential here. Inmates have a lot of skills and given the right opportunity they can be very productive workers."

The John Howard Society conducts 'pre-employment' sessions at Spy Hill provincial jail.

The monthly sessions run for three days. They involve teaching inmates how to look for work, to prepare resumes, to conduct themselves well during interviews and how to hold a job once they get it.

The society also has businessmen talk to the inmates and tell them what they look for in an employee.

Other society-sponsored sessions called Focus on the Outside teach inmates 'how to cope on the street'. In these, groups of 14 to 18 prisoners discuss how to make the adjustment to normal society after a jail term.

The society also sponsors a group called Women on the Outside. This group, consisting of wives and girlfriends of



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prisoners meets weekly to discuss problems they face.

Mr. Jackson says that these women often 'have a harder time than the men' because they have children to look after.

In addition to helping inmates to 'change their friends, their lifestyles

'change their friends, their lifestyles and their attitudes', the society operates a public education program.

The group sends speakers to schools, churches and service clubs. It also runs a nine-week evening course in cooperation with the Calgary Board of Education.

Mr. Jackson is aware that recent hostage incidents and prison disturbances have made it more difficult to persuade the public to help ex-inmates.

The public information sessions are held to 'try to educate the public about who riots and why.'

"I believe in punishment," he says.

"But the punishment has to be fair and appropriate. The way we punish people today creates criminals by de-humanizing inmates.

"We take away their dignity and give them no one to associate with but the toughest criminals."

He says that hostage incidents involve "hard-core criminals or psychotics - people who want treatment and can't get it."

Mr. Jackson says riots are the result of 'keeping men, in an unselected way, in institutions that are 100 years old, where they are overcrowded and living in conditions that no human being should live in.'

For instance, he says, about 90 of the 400 prisoners in the British Columbia penitentiary are held in solitary confinement 'where they never see the light of day.'

The solution he advocates is holding prisoners in smaller jails with hard-core criminals segregated from the non-violent majority.

Until prison conditions change, the John Howard Society is doing the best it can.

Mr. Jackson says many prisoners leave jail 'with nothing but their socks.'

"But if they come to us, rather than stealing, we are moving them in the right direction."

#### Group Seeks Release Of Minor Crime Inmates

EDMONTON (CP) - The Alberta Human Rights and Civil Liberties Association is demanding the release of all prisoners sent to federal and provincial institutions for non-violent crimes.

Andy Sims, Chairman of the association's prisoner rights committee, said in an interview recently those convicted for minor theft, possession of stolen property, soliciting and highway traffic and liquor control offences should not

be imprisoned.

"You could clear an awful lot out, particularly from provincial jails," Mr. Sims said, who estimated that half the cells maintained by the province would be vacated.

The Alberta group is supporting the Canadian Federation of Civil Liberties and Human Rights Association of the issue.





## WILL YOU HELP US TO CUT CRIME?

Crime is caused by criminals. Criminals are people who may take what they want because they don't know any other way to get it.

Criminals and potential young criminals  
can be taught

to work

to earn what they want.

Find out how you can work with an organization that is doing  
something to cut down crime by re-motivating criminals and  
former criminals.

### SEVENTH STEP SOCIETY DRUMHELLER CHAPTER

Box 3000 Drumheller,

Alberta Canada

TOJOYO

Remember...it takes millions of your tax dollars to maintain police  
and courts to send criminals back to prison time after time. In  
addition to the moral implications, it makes sense to help  
rehabilitate criminals into productive citizens.

## YOU

can prevent recurring crime !

## YOU

can prevent repeated incarceration !

Odd statements ? ... not really.

**The JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY,**  
Calgary District Council, asks  
you to ...

### WATCH THIS SPACE

John Howard Society

1102 - 9th St. S.W.

Phone 244 - 5561

Calgary, Alberta

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